

The Progressive Farmer.

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Raleigh, N. C.

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RALEIGH, N. C., SEPT. 15, 1887.

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ENDORSED BY THE CONVENTION.

The following resolution was passed by the Farmers' Mass Convention in Raleigh, January 26th, 1887:

Resolved, That THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER, published by L. L. Polk, Winston, N. C., be declared the Official Organ of the North Carolina Farmers' Association, and that its Editor, L. L. Polk, be admitted to the privilege of the floor as an honorary member of this Convention.

We ask every Grange and Farmers' Club in the State to send us at once, the number of members in their organization, together with the name and post-office address of each officer.

PLEASE NOTICE.

In writing to this office to change the address of a paper, our subscribers will do us a favor by stating the office at which the paper is received, as well as the one to which it is desired to be sent. Failure to do this puts us to a great deal of trouble and the necessity of going through a long list of names, involving not only much work, but much loss of time, when time is valuable.

SUBSCRIBERS, READ THIS.

Is there a Cross Mark on the margin of your paper? We adopt this as the simplest and easiest method of informing our patrons that their terms of subscription have expired, and that the paper will be stopped if we do not hear from you. We know "times are hard" on everybody, and especially is this true of newspapers, and particularly agricultural papers. But we must help each other as best we can. If, therefore, you are not prepared to renew for the whole year, renew for a part of the time, and this will enable you to have time to make us up a club, for which you will get the paper one year free of charge. So if you see the Cross Mark, let us hear from you.

A LITTLE CHAT WITH YOU.

Are you a member of a Farmers' Club, or Alliance, or Grange? Have you ever presented the claims of THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER at any of your meetings? Do you know of any paper that was ever published in the State, that was cheaper? Would not your members make up a club, if the cheap rates and the character of the paper were brought to their attention? It is your paper, your organ, and will you not make an effort to get your neighbors and brethren to read it?

It is with great pleasure that we announce to our friends that the circulation of the paper is steadily growing, but we think we should score at least 4,000 subscribers by the first of January, and we know it can be done, if our friends will only give us a little help. Will you do it? With that number we can then put the paper at the uniform price of one dollar; and that being done we shall boldly and confidently strike for 10,000 subscribers. Ought we not have them? With that number of farmers in North Carolina, all speaking through their paper with one voice, what could they not accomplish? An eight-page, forty-column paper, with twenty-five columns of solid reading matter every week—and only one dollar per year, for clubs of twenty or more! Why should not every farmer subscribe for it and work for it?

WHY NOT HIS NOBLE AND HEROIC OLD FOLLOWERS, ALSO?

We see that Adjutant-General Johnston Jones has informed the *News and Observer* that each company of the North Carolina State Guard has been, or will be, invited to be present and to participate in the ceremonies at the laying of the corner-stone of the Lee Monument, in Richmond, on the 27th of next month. It is eminently proper that the boys should be there, but why not their fathers also? This, it seems to us, is one of the occasions when there might be a blending of the fathers "in grey" with the "boys in blue" most appropriately. And when, in all their lives, will there be a time when these old heroes should be called together, if not when honors are to be done their great and immortal leader? If Lee or Jackson were living and had charge of the programme, these grand old veterans would not thus be ignored and snubbed.

MR. JOHN E. RAY.

He was our associate, our friend, our brother, and we regretted to bid him adieu. The State has lost a faithful, loyal, progressive citizen, and the Baptist church one of its most worthy, noble and useful young men. There are thousands of hearts in our State that will follow him and his family with their richest benedictions. He and his family boarded the train on Tuesday morning for his new field of labor, at Colorado Springs, Colorado. We will hear from him through THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER.

AS CONTAGIOUS AS SMALL-POX.

The movement is spreading like wild-fire. The farmers of the whole State are agitated. We are delighted to see that the disease is breaking out in bold form among our brethren of the press. Everybody feels it. And now since Messrs. Baxter and Bell went to Atlanta and caught it, they have visited the *Falcon* office and the editors of that paper caught it from them, and they are spreading it all over the Albemarle section. Hear them:

"Farmers' club members were aroused to renewed activity by the accounts of the Atlanta trip to the farmers' convention by Messrs. Baxter and Bell, both of whom are thoroughly enthused in the cause of strengthening the organization of the farmers in our eastern counties. It is proposed to have a general meeting of farmers at the court house in Elizabeth City on the second day of the Fair at 10 o'clock, for the purpose of increasing the number of our organization and to make arrangements for a two days session of the club to be held at some convenient date, when prominent speakers will be invited to deliver addresses upon subjects of interest to the club.

Mr. Bell says that no man who was present at the late convention at Atlanta and heard of the great benefits that had been derived through the agency of the farmers' clubs, would hesitate one moment to join the club and become active in advancing the objects for which it has been formed."

Go ahead, brethren, and when you determine on the day for your institute, let us of the hill-country know and we will come down and help you. Elizabeth City can and must get up such an institute as will arouse that whole region.

COUNTY FAIRS.

The institute held at Warrenton recently seems to have aroused the farmers of that good old county. In the *Gazette* of the 9th appears a very timely and sensible article on institutes and county fairs, from which we extract the following, and earnestly commend its thoughtful suggestions to our readers in every county:

"This yearly meeting of the farmers and business men of the county, the interchanging of ideas, &c., would be beneficial even if there was no exhibit, but properly managed there will

be an exhibit and one that every citizen of the county would be proud of. Let's go to work on the matter, appoint good men from every township in the county to work for it. Would it not be a good idea to allow each township a certain amount of space in the buildings and upon the grounds, let them select their managers and by that means every section of the county would be interested, which would insure a good exhibit, and at the close of the fair let a committee select the best specimens from each department and send them to the State Fair as a county exhibit, in charge of some competent men. Much will depend upon the management and the selection of officers. Great care should be exercised. Let managers be selected from the county at large, and guard against what many prejudiced people call a "Warrenton ring." River township is solid for a county fair."

DOG OR SHEEP WHICH?

Our townsman Col. Wm. H. S. Burgwyn, received by express on Tuesday a thoroughbred Southdown ram from the celebrated Druid Hill Park flock. The sire of this buck was bred by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, at Landringham, England, and won the first prize at the Royal Agricultural Society's meeting in Carlisle in 1880. He weighs 220 pounds, and was purchased by the Druid Hill Park Commission from the Prince of Wales in 1883.

We clip the above from the *Gold Leaf*. Col. Burgwyn is one of North Carolina's most progressive men, and he has our best wishes for his success in his enterprise. But read the following taken from the same issue of the same paper on the same subject:

"Mr. R. L. Daingerfield had a worthless cur belonging to some neighbor, to kill four sheep for him a few days ago. Two others were badly wounded. Is there no way to get rid of the dog nuisance in this country? What encouragement has a person to import valuable animals of this kind into our community, (as Col. Burgwyn has just done) and attempt to raise sheep? The risk is too great. Let the dog be relegated to the back ground so that the sheep may come to the front."

"Is there no way to get rid of the dog nuisance in this country?" asks our cotemporary. Plenty of ways, brother, but finding the law-maker who has the courage to even suggest a "way" is the trouble. North Carolina is cursed by the presence of at least 400,000 worthless dogs, and a horde of politicians, a brigade of whom one bench-leg fice could put to flight. The owner of the dog is a numerous and powerful voter, and there's your trouble, Bro. Manning.

THREATENED HAY FAMINE.

Gen. S. D. Lee, of the Mississippi Agricultural College, issues the following open letter to the farmers of that State. His suggestions are equally valuable for North Carolina farmers:

The grass crop of the West, Northwest and New England is practically a failure, particularly in the Old and New West, as shown by the recent report of the Agricultural Department, which I quote: "In many districts in Illinois and Indiana, and in some East and West and North of those States, farmers are feeding their stock as in winter on account of pasture failure. * * * Pastures have suffered from drouth over a large area embracing many counties in Western New York and Pennsylvania and in West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee, with much larger proportions of the areas of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa, and a considerable number of counties in Minnesota, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, and Dakota."

This state of facts will cause almost a hay famine in the regions of large consumption, including cities, towns and manufacturing centers. I therefore urge on the hay-makers of Mississippi to put up, free from weeds and in merchantable condition, as large an amount of hay as possible, feeling assured that all good hay will find a ready sale during the winter and spring. I particularly urge that the Japan clover crop be harvested during September and up to frost. It is easier cured than any other hay and has the highest nutritive value.

Arrangements will be perfected for rates on the railroads, and the larger the supply in any locality the better will be the rates. S. D. LEE, Pres. Miss. Grass and Hay Ass'n.

[FOR THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER.] MOUNT HOLLY-ATLANTA-THE PENITENTIARY AND "OUR NEXT GOVERNOR."

LICK LOG STATION, Sept. 10, '87.

Well, I've been wanting to write you sometime, but the fact is, that I've been pulling fodder and plowing, and going to big meetings and sowing turnips and making a new pasture for my stock and I've not had the time. But I've been reading and trying to keep up, and what I missed, I reckon I got from Alf. Edwards. You know I told you in my first letter that Alf. was coming to see me. Well, he come over last Saturday night a week ago—the first time he has been home since I wrote to you, and he had lots to talk about. He was in Charlotte the week of the Mount Holly Grange Encampment, Annual Fair and Farmers' Institute, and said he saw big crowds of disgusted people; and that they used some language that's not found in Paul's writings, about the thing. He said everybody agreed that there was some mighty good speeches made, but he saw two of the speakers and three editors and about a dozen more, come down on the train and they all made a straight shoot for the hotel; that they said that Mount Holly had the biggest field, the hottest sunshine, the biggest supply of atmosphere, and the least shade, the fewest houses, the least water and the least to eat of any progressive town they ever struck. They said that Mr. Patrick had worked mighty hard, and all the papers of the State had been fooled into giving the thing the biggest blowing that anything had ever had in the State except the exposition, and they thought the railroad wouldn't quite sell out all the lots it owns in the promising little town—at least to the people who went there to the show.

"Well, what about all them Northern folks that was coming down on the big excursions?" I asked.

"Well, I asked about them," said Alf., "but if there was a single Yankee come I couldn't hear of it." "There is a nigger in the wood-pile, in this business," says Alf., "and when the people get down to the bottom of this thing and see its true inwardness, there is going to be a howl in the camp, and don't you forget it. Railroads run some other things besides engines and trains, sometimes," said Alf., with a sort of knowing nod.

Then we got on the Atlanta Convention, and Alf. said the people were much pleased with it, and that it begun to look like the bottom rail is getting on top.

Well, if we make good crops next year I am coming to your big convention and bring Susan Jane and the children. She wants them to see the Capitol and the street cars and the electric lights and see how city folks live.

I asked Alf. who the people thought would be

OUR NEXT GOVERNOR.

He said, "The woods are full of candidates and the bosses are trying to boom their favorites but he said it was too soon. He said he heard of a fellow once who bet that he could run and jump over a wide ditch, and to make sure of it, he went back about a hundred yards and run with all his might, and when he got there his little spindling legs had give out and he didn't try it. He was all broke down." "And," said he, "when a lot of these fellows get to the nominating convention, they will be out of breath and their little legs will be too weak." "The fact is," said he, "We've got to have a new deal and new leaders and new issues and new candidates."

Then he struck a match and lit his cigar and uncrossed his legs and turned round his chair and put his elbows down on his knees and looked me right square in the eye and says he—and he said it mighty slow and solemn—says he:

"Let me tell you something: I've been all the State; I talk to merchants and business men and farmers and all sorts of people, and now I am going to make a prediction: The people are going, hereafter, to have more to do with nominations or they are going to have less to do with elections, and our little smart Alicks had better believe it. They have stood bossism, flunkism, upstartism, triggerism and tomfoolism just as long as they are going to."

Then he straightened up and motioned his forefinger in my face and says he: "Mind what I tell you."—Just then Susan Jane, who had finished washing up the dishes and had put all the children to bed, come to the door, and this seemed to inspire Alf., for he stood up and looked

for all the world just like a orator, and says he:

"And I'll tell you another thing; the people ain't the fools that some folks think they are. They begin to remember that this country, and the Legislature, and Congress, and the Governors, and the Presidents, all be long to them, and that they are the ones who make the parties, and I miss my guess, if they don't say so one of these days—" And then Susan Jane, who is a enthusiastic creature, says: "That's right, Alf.; that's what I've been telling my old man for five years, and if the men had any pluck they would put a stop to these things." I am always very respectful to Susan Jane's opinions, especially when she speaks them with force and power, as she sometimes does, and I simply said "Amen!" to both your speeches." Well, Alf.'s little speech just fits our neighborhood exactly.

Well, I read THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER this evening, and I wish I could tell you what I think of your articles on the convict system and that Governor's Palace, but this letter is already too long and Susan Jane has just reminded me that I haven't locked the smoke house, nor parted the cows and calves. Blessed women! how could we do without them? Here she sits darning stockings on a little round gourd, and is watching a stew which she is making for one of the children's bad colds. It is made out of honey and vinegar and butter and black pepper, and I know it's good, for my good mother used to give it to me.

Say, all of us down here want to hear more about that nigger paradise—the penitentiary. Somebody will hear something 'drap' one of these days.

SHORT GRABS.

ALLIANCE HEADQUARTERS.

All the Papers and Contracts Signed Securing to Dallas the Prize—What Will be Done.

DALLAS, Texas, Sept. 6.
Frank M. Cockerell, as the representative of the business men of Dallas, today signed a contract with the National and State Farmers' Alliances, by the conditions of which they received \$10,000 bonus, temporary headquarters, exchange offices and a valuable lot 200x100 feet on Jefferson and Wood streets, for which the Alliance guarantees to make Dallas their National and State headquarters a distributing point for supplies and depot for the sale of cotton to the mills; also to erect on the lot a four-story building to be used as headquarters, and a cotton, grain and livestock exchange; also to erect a cotton factory on which at least \$200,000 must be expended within two years, the people of Dallas to furnish a site for the factory. Failing in the performance of the contract, the Alliance is to forfeit the grounds given them and all the improvements thereon. For a factory site fifty acres of the Carruth estate have been agreed upon. The National and State officers and chief of the Alliance will be stationed here. To erect the exchange and perfect other preliminaries an assessment of \$1 a head will be levied next month, and a like assessment in November, the proceeds of which are estimated at nearly \$500,000. For manufacturing enterprises stock will be taken by members of the Alliance, whose children will have the preference of employment in the factories.

Dr. Macune, President of the National Alliance, has written from Boston that he has effected arrangements by which the eastern mills will buy through the exchange. The plan is to hold the cotton in bulk at county yards, using the receipts as collateral and forwarding samples to the exchange, where they will be graded. The mills will send tabs to the exchange and the latter will have their orders filled.

The officers of the exchange say they are sure of handling 400,000 bales this year, and that advantageous terms are being made with the railroads. The Alliance has an agent in each productive county, who is a bonded officer, and whose duty it is to report monthly on the state of the crop, scarcity and surplus of products, etc.

The above is taken from the *Rockdale Messenger*, a Texas Alliance paper, and we present it to show what farmers may accomplish when they act together.

The estimates of dried fruit shipments from Hickory, North Carolina, for three months, are set down at over \$100,000, and blackberry shipments for ten days nearly \$20,000.